

5 PISCATIO

OR, 247 kg7

Angling.

A

P O E M.

Written Originally in Latin

By S. FORD, D. D. K

And Inscrib'd to

Arch-Bishop Sheldon.

Translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*,

By TIPPING SILVESTER, M. A.

Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxon.

—————*Lucet, eamus,
Quo ducit Gula, piscemur.*

HOR. Epist. 4. Lib. 1.

O X F O R D :

Printed by Leon. Lichfield: And are to be Sold by the
Widow Fletcher, Bookseller in the High-Street; and by
Mr. Thurlburne, Bookseller in Cambridge, 1733.

V10116

V32 Engl Poetry

1850

Admission

MEMO



Archives

To
Ti
It
TH
No
* S
WH
ent
la

ANGLING:

A

P O E M.

To a Friend.

TH' insidious Art, and the alluring Snare,
 The Hook, low-pendant from the twisted
 Toss'd from the wary *Fisher's* trembling Wand, ^{[Hair,}
 Till sloping, pliant to His ductile Hand, }
 It quits the leaping Prey upon the Sand:
 The *Muse* attempts. —Do You, *Dear Sir*, attend,
 Nor slight the honest Trifles of a Friend.

* Such once were wont Your Leisure to deceive,
 When Time, and Fav'rite Authors gave Them Leave.

* The following thirty Lines are not translated, but imitated, they
 containing in the Original an Address of the Author to Arch-Bishop
 Sheldon, peculiar to His Time.

Hence *Isis's* Banks were conscious of Your Themes,
 Catch'd, as They trembled, by the lambent Streams.
 There You bewail'd, but yet bewail'd in vain,
 Those Crimes, of which 'twas dang'rous to complain.
 How few are Virtue's steady Friends! You cry'd,
 How few! the rushy Shores again reply'd:
 Whilst o'er the dancing Cork You watchful stood
 To tempt the wanton Racers of the Flood.
 At Virtue's Name Her lov'd Idea rose,
 On whom each Grace Her blooming Charms bestows;
 Where, as Bards speak, the Lilies fair unite
 To mix the blushing Rose with Parian White.
 If, as You wander, mix'd with *Thames*, You said,
 Perchance You find the virtuous, lovely Maid,
 Tell Her, *soft Stream*, this tender Message bear,
 Fit only for Her Self, and You to Hear,
 Tell Her, that You refresh Me, as I burn,
 Whilst absent, She scarce thinks of a Return.
 So ancient Patriots did from Toils recede,
 Skill'd in a double Use to ply the Reed.

And We, whom daily Cares were wont to tire,
 Oft sought Relief from the sweet-sounding Lyre :
 On the same Banks invok'd th' *inspiring* God,
 Alike to bend the Bow, and guide the Rod.
 There, as the heedless Fish pursue their Fate,
 We learn to shun the World's deceitful Bait.
 Thus We, as the soft Current glides along,
 Improve by Sport, and moralize in Song ;
 Tho' *True*, we ask the *Moralists* good Leave,
 If in our *Sports* with Others We *Deceive*.

Those, whom the *Gods* have form'd of grosser Clay,
 Who *Otter-like* plunge o'er the wat'ry Way,
 Can see, and yet no just Resentment feel,
 The shining Captive in the Osier Weel :
 Where All as to the open, hungry Grave,
 An easy Entrance, no Return can have.
 Others the finny Race with Snares beset,
 Caught in the Bandage of the window'd Net.
 But We, whom *Phæbus* pleases to inspire
 With stronger Rays of the celestial Fire,

Prefer the artful, to the gainful Toil,
 If cruel, yet ingenious, when We spoil.
 'Tis not enough to catch the shining Prey,
 But to deceive the Wantons as they stray.
 If taken by the *Angler's* harmless Cheat,
 It adds a Relish to the wat'ry Meat.
 So, when the *Perch*, rapacious of his Prey,
 And spotted *Trout*, regal'd the *God* of *Day*,
 Pleas'd to repeat the Windings, which They took,
 In the Wave circling on the bearded Hook,
 He tells His Labours in the Muses Court,
 And, as He feasts, enjoys His prior Sport.
 Hence *Phæbus* willingly approves my Song,
 Whilst, like the gentle Stream, it flows along:
 And You, Ye lovely *Sisters*, sacred *Nine*,
 Assist Me with the easy, flowing Line,
 For You, as Poets tell, were wont to stray
 Near Banks of *Permessis* to waste the Day;
 When *Phæbus* strung for You th' unsounding Bow,
 The nodding Float told the successful Throw.

Like other Arts, This by degrees became
 From plain and simple to be great in Fame:
 Yet plain and simple, as it first was known,
 The Muse will trace the Seeds, from which 'tis grown.

As once by *Aganippe's* silver Streams,
 Inspiring Fictions and Poetick Dreams,
 Far from the liquid Chrystal's rising Source,
 Where the Waves gather'd bend a rapid Course;
 Where the most sacred Fountain known to Fame
 Ceases, ambitious of a River's Name,
Calliope, join'd with Her *Sister Choir*,
 For lighter Pastime left the sounding Lyre.
 There She beheld the Creatures of the Flood,
 Sporting in various wise, and wanton Mood,
 Catching the swimming Reptile, gently bore
 By Winds and Showers from the Rushy Shore.
 She saw; and smiling thus was heard to say,
 "Too credulous! Your Ease shall You betray,
 "The specious Prospect of the covering Bait
 "Shall tempt You, eager, to pursue Your Fate.

Then strips the fallow Rod with curious Care,
 And fits it to support the loaded Hair,
 Next on Her Head She robs the plaited Tire,
 And spoils it of the close-compacting Wire,
 Then with exactest Art the Pin She forms
 To imitate increasing *Phæbe's* Horns.

Here She revolves this pleasing, grateful Thought—
 To *Gods* and *Men* These Hairs have Slav'ry brought:

“These too, said She, shall give Me still to reign,

“And stretch my Conquests o'er the *liquid Main*.

This with harmonious Accents having said,

The ivory Comb strok'd Her ambrosial Head,

Who from its Teeth the precious Refuse took,

And suits it, fasten'd, to the destin'd Hook,

Which done, She casts the twining Reptile o'er,

And throws it, pendant, from the shelving Shore.

Wond'rous to tell: soon as the *Goddeſs* laves

Her twisted Locks in the encircling Waves,

Diffus'd Ambrosia tinges o'er the Bait,

Imbrues the Hook, and steeps the hidden Fate:

The gaping Fry to specious Ruin run,
 Proud to be caught, and swift to be undone.
 Happy, who first can seize the ravish'd Prey,
 Loaded with Pain He bears the Prize away,
 Tells His Success with many a wanton Wreath,
 Revels in Rapine, and enjoys his Death.
 The wary Maid His deadly Triumph spies,
 And with the nodding Twig commands the Hook
 Which penetrates His Gill's half-circld Round, ^{[to rise;}
 And throws Him hoisted on the verdant Ground.

Tho' small the Prey, 'twas now the *Muses* Pride,
 A painted Mail adorn'd its silver Side;
 Its yellow Spangles mix'd the shining Gold,
 Which here and there inflam'd the scaly Fold.
 Th' *Aonian Sisters* mutual Joys impart,
 Admire the Prey, but more applaud the Art.
 Whilst each with the successful Wile prepares
 To drag new Captives with the destin'd Hairs.
 As round the Hook a num'rous Circle plies,
 By Chance a Nobler Fish of stately Size, Rush-

Rushing, direct, removes the wanton Croud,
 Which leave Him Master of the treach'rous Food.
 A little Wound the armed Dainty gave,
 Which lightly ting'd with Blood the ambient Wave,
 But borrowing Weight with His extended Fin,
 The sliding Booty quits the straitned Pin.

Latona's Son beheld the frustrate Sport,
 And thus address'd the Fav'rite of His Court.

"O fairest Daughter of *Dictæan Jove*,

"Thy Arms unequal to such Contests prove.

"For once accept *Apollo's* kindly Aid,

"And then this Vict'ry shall be dearly paid.

"This *Aganippe's* Streams shall tell in Blood,

"Or else I'm not the fam'd, *Prophetick God*.

Whilst Canes enclos'd in Canes with triple Case,
 Secur'd from ruder Shocks by Mouths of Brass,
 Commend the Skill of the projecting God,
 The Taper Top concludes the finish'd Rod.

Wing'd *Pegasus*, who oft disdains the Plain,
 Lent the Assistance of His Tail and Mane.
 The Hairs with skilful Hand the Artist roll'd,
 And wove a curious Thong of various Fold.
 In gradual Decrease the Links combine
 By Knots, which never slip, to form the Line.
 Then He suspends the floating, hairy Chain
 From the Rod's Top, the Measure of the Cane.
 Next the Fire-soften'd Steel the Artist laves,
 (Hence its blue Tincture) in the hissing Waves;
 Which, stiffning by Degrees, is sloped soon
 To the horn'd Figure of the growing Moon;
 Arm'd with two Points, one cleaves the Steel in
 Beneath, which piercing scarce returns again. ^[Twain]
 The Hook, then hung, receives th' insidious Bait,
 Scarce able to oppose the Waters Weight,
 Till sinking, in Mid Waves it leaves to Ride,
 By fastned Lead taught to contemn the Tide.

B

Where

Where the pale, fallow Boughs in Union sweep
 The foamy Surface of the chrystal Deep,
 And give the finny Race a sure Retreat
 From boist'rous Winds, or raging, *Phæbus's* Heat ;
 Where the swift Whirlpool laves the Bank away,
 And reflux Streams in circling Eddies play ;
 Prone to the Earth, He creeps, with silent Drop
 The Bait suspending from the Taper Top ;
 Which tremulous, doth vital Motions give,
 And makes the floating Reptile seem to live.
 Secure of Fraud, heedless of future Pain,
 The scaly Tribe hasten to drag their Chain.
 "But hold, says *Phæbus*, as They ply the Bait,
 "No Fear, kind Creatures, You should be too late ;
 "'Tis soon enough : the *Fates* these Threads have ^[spun]
 "And He who gains the Prize, His Death has won.
 Then He withdraws, but not to save the Prize,
 One destin'd Fish to pleasing Ruin flies ;
 O cruel Appetite ! thus oft too late
Gluttons beneath their Dainties find their Fate.

The certain Signal of the fatal Nod
 Ensues with various Windings of the Rod ;
 The plaited Hairs in closing Circles wheel,
 Soon as His Entrails lodg'd the bury'd Steel :
 Then quick the flexile Wand with oblique Stroke
 Impell'd at once the Sickle-fashion'd Hook.
 Soon as His Pain th' intestine Wound had told,
 He tries a thousand Arts to quit His Hold,
 Now with his Weight full-poiz'd the Line he strains,
 Now here, now there, a straitned Passage gains ;
 Oblique, direct, attempting as He flies
 To void the Plague, which in his mangled Entrail lies.
 Oft underneath the Bank, o'erhung with Reeds,
 He darts, and tangled rushes through the Weeds :
 The Bottom gain'd, He to the Surface hies,
 Swift, as the *Parthian Arrow* backward flies :
 Then sinks, and loads the pendant Line again,
 And with his dashing Tail attempts his Chain.
 The pond'rous Fish, indignant, scorns to bear
 Thus to be Captiv'd by a slender Hair.

Fortune stood doubtful o'er th' unconquer'd Prey,
 To neither Party bent to give the Day,
 Whilst watchful *Phæbus* plays the skilful Part,
 Opposing Fraud to Fraud, and Art to Art.
 Ten times the *Fish* attempts his Flight in vain,
 Ten Times the *God* recalls him back again ;
 Now he renews his Wound with added Force,
 Now breaks his Rage by yielding to his Course,
 Now holds forth Freedom with a slacken'd Rein,
 And whilst he favours, but ensures his Pain.
 At length grown bold thro' longer Liberty,
 He sweeps his Circles unrestrain'd, and free,
 'Till, drag'd from the lov'd Chambers of the Deep,
 He hangs his wat'ry Wings, prepar'd to creep
 The Shallows, taught, unwilling, to repair
 To hated Climates, and the nearer Air.
 As thus he rises with decreasing Weight,
 His native Waves contribute to his Fate ;
 Now up, now down the Stream his Course is bent,
 Doom'd to be drown'd in his own Element.

Just as We've seen, born by the gentle Tide,
 A belly'd Bottle, guggling, side-ways ride,
 So half-supine, he wallows; till the *God*
 Commits him, pendant, to the doubled Rod,
 And throws him on the Shore a dull, unactive Load.

As on the Bank the monstrous Booty lies,
 The Victor wanders o'er him with his Eyes,
 Measures his Length, extended on the Shore,
 So conquer'd *Python* lay, all wounded o'er.
 An oblong *Mullet*, once well known to Fame,
 It was, but now it bears the *Barble's* Name.
 No Fish more cunning cleaves the yielding Wave,
 No Captive ever greater Glory gave.
 So strong he tugs, so subt'ly plays his Part,
 He quite exhausts the wary Fisher's Art.

Flush'd with Success, the fair *Latona's* Son
 Improves the Conquest, he before had won:
 Prefaging Sport, he visits other Shores,
 Where swell'd *Enipeus* with his Torrent roars;

Where ag'd *Apidanus* his Waters roll'd,
 And *Peneus*, for his Passion known of Old
 To Fame, his ancient, heaving Bosom rears,
 Conscious of Virgin *Daphne's* infant Years.
 Where his own *Ladon* pours a silver Tide,
 And where *Amphrysis's* gentler Currents glide,
 Whose Waters once a grateful Tribute paid,
 Which to his Flock the Past'ral *God* convey'd.
 Each Bank the Ensigns of his Conquests bears,
 Each Tree the Image of his Captives wears.
 The wounded Bark transmits their Shapes to Fame,
 Which grow together with the Carver's Name.
 The *Gudgeon* with his Head of larger Size,
 To the fresh *Angler* a desir'd Prize;
 Beside the tender *Roach*, and fleeting *Dace*,
 More apt to quit their Prey, as well as Place;
 The *Perch* too, which the heedless Touch defies,
 On whose arm'd Back the hostile Spikes arise,
 Most terrible, when in Array he swims;
 The dancing *Bleak*, which on the Surface skims;

he *Chevin*, like the Cock of baser Strain,
 erce in the Onset, but soon cool again;
 he *Ruff*, which takes from Swine its* Roman Name,
 Alike its Snout, and in its Use the same,
 In Bulk not equal, nor in outward Cast,
 Allow'd superiour to the *Perch* in Tast;
 The *Bream* with shortn'd Paunch, extended wide;
 And yellow-tinctur'd *Carp* with chequer'd Side,
 Of dainty Palate, as of curious Mold;
 The *Tench*, by rich *Pactolus* dy'd with Gold:
 To heal with slimy Touch *Apollo* gave
 The *Tench*, the known Physician of the Wave;
 Hence unmolested by the preying Throng,
 Thro' *Neptune's* liquid Realms he sails along;
 Thus will'd the *God*, who tunes the vocal Lyre,
 That it might feast Him perfect and entire:
 These oft in hudled Confusion met
 To stretch the Meashes of his airy Net:
 These were his Prize, as he contending stood,
 And, when returning, his triumphant Load:

* *Porculus*.

Such glorious Rewards, such beauteous Spoil,
 'Twas meet should recompence his constant Toil.
 How the shy *Trout* in frequent Struggles fell,
 The *Fly*, but imitating Life, can tell:
 Nothing thy beauteous Tinctures could avail,
 Thy ruddy Spots, or party-colour'd Mail:
 In You the Victor boasts a double Prize,
 Which please the Palate, as You feast the Eyes.
 The *Pike*, whose brambly Teeth in-line his Jaws,
 Fed with his Kind in spite of Nature's Laws,
 In whom vast Shoals of Subjects bury'd lay,
 And the whole finny Nation made his Prey,
 This Tyrant fell Himself, betray'd too late,
 And in a loaded *Gudgeon* snatch'd his Fate.
 Successful still, he in his known Abode
 The statlier *Salmon* take, himself a Load,
 Who led by Nature stems the Current's Force,
 Nor Dams oppos'd, nor Rocks impede his Course,
 Whilst Head to Tail he bends in arched Round,
 Then, disengag'd, can from the Surface bound:

ut if continu'd Suns, and sparing Rain,
 Increase the Height, and make his Labours vain;
 Or if immoderate Showers, and boist'rous Wind,
 Retard him, and prevent the Course design'd,
 He shews a Virtue, equal to each Case,
 And thrives by Patience, tho' confin'd in Place.

This, as the leaden Minutes crept away,
Phæbus inspir'd to cheat the tedious Day,
 Whilst I on *Isis's* Banks in sullen Mood,
 Cast the deceitful Balls into the Flood,
 Content to take the fairer Sportsman's Part,
 Railing at Nets, and the vile Poacher's Art,
 These blaming, that so rarely came the Prey,
 Or else my Stars accusing, worse than They,
 When the *God* smil'd, and e're He could retire,
 Suited these Numbers to His tuneful Lyre.

ODE.

O D E.

H Appy, who rules with skilful Wile,
 The Bait-suspending Wand,
 The wat'ry Natives to beguile,
 Which gaping shun his Hand.
 Untainted Joys his Heart dilate,
 No dismal Griefs invade ;
 He's safe from Courtier's friendly Hate,
 Or Honour's doubtful Trade.
 The wealthy Miser's busy Fear
 And Hope are banish'd far ;
 Free from the Client's dubious Care,
 He shuns the wrangling Bar.
 The freighted Ship, and raging Main
 In Him no Storms can raise ;
 He counts from fav'ring Gale's no Gain,
 Fears Loss from no Delays.

He's still, tho' Canons rend the Rocks,
 Lull'd by the Stream's sweet Voice;

He hears amidst the quiet Flocks
 No jarring Home-bred Noise.

Aurora's Self is scarce got up,
 When He forsakes His Rest;

Then with the chearful, milder Cup
 He fortifies His Breast.

Girt with His Art's nice Enginry,
 He licks the dewy Way;

Serene the Air, calm is the Sky,

His Breast more calm than They:
 To flowing *Thames*, or rapid *Trent*,

He hasts with silent Pace;
 On innocent Deceits intent,

To cheat the wat'ry Race.

The chirping Birds in Confort raise
 An inartic'late Song;

Each Flow'r its Morning Tribute pays,
 As charm'd He moves along.

To Him the Glebe, and new-turn'd Land,
Salubrious Vapours yield ;

His Feet, th' unev'n Iambicks scann'd,
Meter the unequal Field.

If tir'd with earthy Clogs, He stops,
The Prospects cheat His Care ;

The Hills, the Vales, and craggy Tops,
Which threaten from afar ;

The Sylvan Scenes, and Pastures green,
And Flocks, which wand'ring feed ;

The murm'ring Riv'let's limpid Stream,
Which bounds the winding Mead.

Here from the Kine the Nectar falls,
And Pails promiscuous stand ;

The destin'd Young with Lowing calls
The *Vicar's* tithing Hand.

There, yet unarm'd, the Lambkins strike

Those Dugs, which give their Food,
Prelude to Strokes, ah ! how unlike
For Anger and for Blood !

The Bank then gain'd, He fits the Line
 With the close-drawing Noose ;

Whilst o'er the Hook the Reptiles twine,
 Wash'd with salival Juice.

The chirping *Grasshopper*, and *Fly*
 Which buzzes as it strays ;

The slipp'ry *Snail*, whose Juices lie,
 And mark its glist'ring Ways ;

The *Caterpillar*, laying waste
 The tender Plants and Trees ;

The red-ting'd *Flow'r*, form'd into Paste,
 And Rennet-curdled *Cheese* ;

With the *red Worms*, which scour'd shine,
Gentles of glossy Look,

And the *Wasp's* stinglefs Embrios join
 By Turns to cloath his Hook.

The Horn, the Pouch, and well-stor'd Shoes
 Suffice for Food and Bait ;

These Pleasures early He pursues,
 These Pleasures too when late.

His

His own Companion, and his Friend,
 He muses o'er the Day ;
 And on the dancing Cork attends,
 Which tells the ravish'd Prey.
 But if some chosen Friends He takes,
 Their Rods by Turns They throw ;
 The Fisher mutual Converse makes,
 Tho' mute the Fish below.
 Now the *fam'd Artist's* Skill They praise
 For Hooks, which never fail ;
 Now harmless Songs their Spirits raise,
 And merry, social Tale.
 Yet in their Chat they still revere
 All *sacred Majesty* ;
 Tho' mute the Fish, yet He can hear,
 Who rules supream on high.
 If from their Brows the Drops distil,
 When sultry *Sirius* reigns ;
 If Thunder Show'rs the Air should fill,
 And bubbling straw the Plains ;

Whilst

Whilst from its Bed the roused *Eel*

In moving Arches hies,

To Covert from their Cane They steal,

Which angles as it lies :

The choicest Booties still requite

Their Visits, as They come ;

'Till sinking *Phæbus* brings the Night,

And *Hesperus* leads 'em Home.

Loaden with Prey, their Spoils They share,

Which a mix'd Feast compose ;

Then willing to their Beds repair,

And sleep without a Dose.

FINIS.

His own Companion, and his Friend,
 He muses o'er the Day ;
 And on the dancing Cork attends,
 Which tells the ravish'd Prey.
 But if some chosen Friends He takes,
 Their Rods by Turns They throw ;
 The Fisher mutual Converse makes,
 Tho' mute the Fish below.
 Now the *fam'd Artist's* Skill They praise
 For Hooks, which never fail ;
 Now harmless Songs their Spirits raise,
 And merry, social Tale.
 Yet in their Chat they still revere
 All *sacred Majesty* ;
 Tho' mute the Fish, yet He can hear,
 Who rules supream on high.
 If from their Brows the Drops distil,
 When sultry *Sirius* reigns ;
 If Thunder Show'rs the Air should fill,
 And bubling straw the Plains ;

Whilst

Whilst from its Bed the roused *Eel*

In moving Arches hies,

To Covert from their Cane They steal,

Which angles as it lies :

The choicest Booties still requite

Their Visits, as They come ;

[Till sinking *Phæbus* brings the Night,

And *Hesperus* leads 'em Home.

Loaden with Prey, their Spoils They share,

Which a mix'd Feast compose ;

Then willing to their Beds repair,

And sleep without a Dose.

F I N I S.

Which form has had the world
In moving nations here,
To cover north and south they feel,
Which is right as it lies:
The choicest flowers still require
That still, as they come;
And having said on them,
Foster with love, their spoils they find,
Which a mix'd land compose;
I am willing to their beds repair,
And sleep without a hole.



FINIS

